

# THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE

Novelized From a Thrilling  
Photoplay Series Released  
by the Mutual Film Co.

By E. Alexander Powell  
The Famous War Correspondent

Romantic story of an undersea boat designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, with the beautiful daughter of the inventor figuring as the heroine in thrilling situations.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS.

Dr. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States Navy to investigate and report the results of the invention of Dr. Jarvis Hope, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The inventor arrives in Valdivia and is welcomed to the laboratory and his daughter, Cleo. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat a Japanese diver is supposed to be in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device, but there is a Japanese diver in it. An attempt to investigate Dr. Jarvis Hope's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo tells her father's library to get money; later she finds a note from which she learns that they contain the secret formula. With Hope she goes to the war the formula, attempted to capture Cleo when she calls at the house of Stephanski, the Anarchist, who is to her aid; Morton shoots at him, but the bullet hits a bomb in the cellar, which explodes.

## FIFTH EPISODE.

THE explosion of the bomb which the old Nihilist had accreted in his cellar had literally torn the house asunder. Yet, by one of those whims which so frequently characterize the action of high explosives, though the front of the house had been transformed into a heap of debris the rooms at the rear remained intact and almost uninjured. Thus it happened that Morton and Olga, standing behind the curtain which hung at the entrance to the dining-room, though hurled to the floor by the force of the explosion, had escaped with a few bruises, while Stephanski, who had been in the front room, only a few feet away, now lay dead amid the debris—killed by the very bomb with which he had planned to kill others. On the other side of the room, half buried beneath a heap of fallen plaster, Hope was stretched. His eyes were closed and only a faint heaving of the chest, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, showed that he was living.

Morton and Olga, still concealed themselves when Hope broke into the room, had scarcely regained their senses when they were dumfounded to hear outside the house the voice of Cleo—Cleo, whom they had left bound and gagged in the cellar, and who, they supposed, had perished in the explosion.

"I'm sure Mr. Hope is in there," they heard her say, and there was a knock in her voice. "I heard him calling my name when you were carrying me out of the cellar just before the explosion. I would know his voice anywhere. If you don't come with me and help me look for him I'll go alone."

"Bless your heart, Miss Cleo, of course I'm going to look for the lost one," answered the old woman, while Morton put his lips close to Olga's ear. "Don't make a sound," he whispered. "They're not likely to find us here and we may learn something."

"Here he is, Hope," she cried. "Here's Lieut. Hope, under all this plaster. He's so white and still I'm afraid he's dead."

"Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis," she wailed, kneeling beside him when, with Hope's assistance, she had dragged him from the debris. "You're not dead, are you? Speak to me, Jarvis, dear. It's Cleo."

Hope's eyelids fluttered, opened, closed again.

"The Lord be praised, he's all right," cried Olga, for a tap on the back of the head.

It was some minutes before Hope recovered his senses sufficiently to tell a connected story. "My ear broke down when I was coming back from the freestudio," he explained. "That's what delayed me. When I reached the hotel they told me that you had started for here alone. Just as I reached here I thought I heard you screaming. I knocked at the door, but they wouldn't open it, so I broke it in. In the front room I met the old Russian with the white whiskers. He said he hadn't seen you. I was just starting to search the house when a fellow with a black mask on stepped out from behind a curtain and shoved a pistol in my face. I pulled the trigger. There was a noise as though a ten-inch gun had been fired under me. Something hit me on the back of the head and I don't remember anything more. Now it's your turn, Cleo. What on earth induced you to come here alone, and how did you escape?"

The following morning Hope and Cleo motored out to the handsome

residence of the British Consul on Ocean Avenue. Mrs. Delmar, a handsome, gray-haired woman, gave them a cordial greeting.

"It's been ages since I've seen you, Mr. Hope," she said. "The last time was at dinner at the Russian embassy. Wasn't it—or was it at the New Year's reception at the White House? What do you mean by coming to San Francisco and not letting me know?"

Hope briefly sketched the remarkable chain of events which had brought him from the nation's capital to the shores of the Pacific, telling of

the mysterious death of Dr. Burke, the disappearance of the formula, and of the thrilling chase of the books.

"Why, it's a regular romance," Mrs. Delmar exclaimed, clapping her hands with excitement as though she were at a theatre. "There you ought to write a play about it for the movies."

"It's the most exciting story I ever lived in," Hope said. "I ought to tell you about it. I bought yesterday at Dawson's auction room. I got some quite by accident, too. I went in there to look at some Chinese porcelain. I had been told about just as the auctioneer was offering these two volumes on electricity. I don't know anything about electricity—I don't know the difference between a magnet and a volt—but my nephew, Francis Leyland, is taking the books in electrical engineering at Stanford, so I bought the books and sent them down to him."

"Do you think he would let us go with them if we motored down to Palo Alto?" asked Cleo eagerly.

"I've a better plan than that," said Mrs. Delmar. "I'm giving a reception this evening and you are both to come to it—yes, you must come, Miss Cleo. I simply won't take no for an answer. My nephew is coming up from Palo Alto for the occasion and I will telephone him to bring the books with him. Then you can take them upstairs to the library and close the door and look at them," she smiled. "At the books to your heart's content."

"I shall be very glad indeed to come if Mr. Hope cares to bring me," said Cleo simply.

"When I saw you shake your head I thought that you didn't want to go," said Hope as he helped Cleo into his car.

"Of course I want to go, Jarvis," she answered, with a trace of embarrassment, "but I haven't any evening gown at least none that would do for Mrs. Delmar's reception. And I didn't feel that I could afford to buy one." Her lip quivered. "I haven't very much money, you know."

"Bless my soul," said Hope, rummaging in an inside pocket until he found a letter, "there's something that Dawson asked me to hand you yesterday, but there was so much excitement last night that it entirely slipped my mind."

"It's the money from the sale of father's library," said Cleo, holding up a pale-green slip. "I think," she added happily, "that I'll spend this afternoon shopping. I don't want you to be ashamed of me to-night, Jarvis."

Hope and Cleo were scarcely out of sight before Satsuma, who had observed their arrival and departure from the shelter of a drug store on the opposite side of the street, was ringing the door bell of the Delmar residence.

"Mrs. Delmar is not seeing any one today," said the butler, staring up the staircase as an applicant for employment.

"That is on a matter of importance that I wish to see her," persisted Satsuma.

"Mrs. Delmar cannot see you today," repeated the servant firmly. "She is busy preparing for a reception she is giving this evening. If

you wish to see her you can call to-morrow."

Ten minutes later Satsuma, in a telephone booth, was talking to Mahlin, who was in Valdivia.

"I'm sorry, but I wasn't able to see her," he said.

"All right," was the answer. "I'll come over to the city on the next train. I'll plan some way to get into the house during the reception to-night."

Though the sound of the explosion doubtless awakened the nearer Stephanski's neighbors, they were so far away and the hour was so late that it did not result in attracting any one to the scene. It was, nevertheless, with extreme caution that Olga and Morton, after making sure that Cleo and her friends had taken their departure, emerged from their place of concealment and leaving behind them the ruined house and its dead owner, set out on foot by a circuitous route for the city. Nothing was further from their desire than to be seen coming from the scene of the tragedy.

It was not until they had reached the investigation which was certain to follow its discovery. Day was dawning in the east, therefore, before Morton, having seen Olga to her apartment, reached his hotel, and it was nearly noon when he was awakened by some one knocking at his door.

He opened the door and found a girl with a brilliant, smiling face, still half awake, then stood transfixed, staring with unbelieving eyes at the message printed on the sheet of yellow paper.

"I am glad to hear from you," she said. "I am glad to hear from you."

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Hope jerked aside the heavy draperies. As he did so Mahlin leaped at him. They rocked and swayed across the polished floor, reeled for a sickening moment against the low balustrade in front of the open French window and then plunged outward and downward into the darkness. A terrific crash of broken glass told the horrified listeners that they had fallen through the roof of the conservatory below.

study at the head of the stairs and then notify Lieut. Hope that they are there. Do you understand?"

The man bowed respectfully. "Very good, madam," he answered. "I'll attend to it."

Little did Hope and Cleo dream that the man with the deferential manners of a well-trained servant was, in reality, an unknown but dangerous enemy. It was Mahlin, who had bribed one of the servants furnished by the caterer to let him take his place.

"And now," said Mrs. Delmar, turning to Cleo, "I want to introduce some men to you. Mr. Hope tells me that this is your first party, and I'm determined that you shall have a good time. Here comes a man now that I want you to know," and she beckoned to a man who was dressed with outstretched arms, breathing handsome brunettes.

"Why, it's Mr. Morton!" exclaimed Cleo. "I didn't know that he was here. How do you know him long, Mrs. Delmar?"

"I never met him until to-night, but he seems to be a very charming fellow. He and the Countess Ivanoff, the lady who is with him, are old friends of my husband's vice consul, Mr. Paget. I invited them on my account."

This is indeed a pleasant surprise, Miss Burke," said Morton, gazing at Cleo in such admiration that her eyes dropped in confusion. "Now I am glad to come. You look as though you had come straight from the Rue de la Paix. May I have this dance?"

Cleo glanced at Hope, who was already deep in an animated conversation with the Countess. He seemed to have forgotten her entirely. He had not even asked her to dance. A little flush of anger came into her cheeks.

"Indeed you may," she answered. "I am very fond of dancing," and the next moment she was floating away in the arms of Gerald Morton. When Hope caught sight of them Morton was whispering something in her ear which caused her to look up into his eyes with a smile of pleasure.

"Shall we dance this, Countess?" Hope asked abruptly, and in an instant they were lost in the maelstrom of whirling figures.

Morton lost no time in starting his campaign of love-making. An unexpected opportunity had been thrown to stir up jealousy between Hope and Cleo. He had had much experience in the game of love, but he had never played it for such high stakes or when it was so vital to the success of his plan.

A mistake of underestimating his adversary, Jarvis Hope. He knew that the young naval officer held an assured place in Cleo's affections, but he also knew from experience that it is always easy to make a woman jealous of the man she loves. And he determined that his first move should be to stir up jealousy between Hope and Cleo. When the dance was over, following the customary rules of the game, he suggested to Cleo that they take a stroll upon the terrace, and it was there, in a nook by a screen of palms, that they were found, half an hour later, by Hope and Olga.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Cleo," he said sternly. "Why have you been away so long?"

"I have been talking to Mr. Morton," Cleo answered. "But," she added defiantly, "I wasn't aware that I was expected to give you an account of my actions. I am quite old enough to take care of myself, thank you."

"Morton saw with satisfaction that a lover's quarrel was brewing, but it was ended almost before it began by Mrs. Delmar, who at that moment stepped onto the terrace.

"Oh, Mr. Hope," she cried, catching sight of the group behind the palms. "I've been looking all over for you. The butler tells me the Mr. and Mrs. Delmar have taken the upstairs, though I can't understand why that stupid servant at the door didn't let me know. Don't you and Miss Burke want to go up to the study and look at them?"

As Hope and Cleo followed their hostess into the house, Morton and Olga looked at each other significantly. "We must follow them," Olga whispered.

When Francis Leyland arrived he was met at the door by Mahlin, who recognized him by the package under his arm.

"Are you Mr. Leyland, sir?" he inquired respectfully.

"I am," was the answer.

"Your aunt desires me to tell you, sir," said Mahlin smoothly, "that you are to give me the books and I am to take them to the upstairs study so that Lieutenant Hope can see them."

"Darned glad to get rid of them," grunted Leyland, surrendering the heavy package.

The study was a large and handsomely furnished apartment. Its walls were paneled in oak and heavy brocade curtains were drawn before its recessed windows.

Mahlin, closing the door behind him, had unwrapped the books with quick, nervous fingers, and was bent over the table, absorbed in their examination, when the door was suddenly thrown open and young Leyland entered the room.

"Excuse me," he exclaimed, suppressing the figure at the table was one of the guests. "I'm sorry if I intruded. I just stepped in to see if I

could find some cigarettes," and then, recognizing Mahlin as the servant who had admitted him, "What the devil are you doing with those books? Why haven't you told me your aunt that I had arrived?"

"I really beg pardon, sir," said the supposed servant humbly, "but I was just glancing over the volumes. They are really, unknown but dangerous enemy. It was Mahlin, who had bribed one of the servants furnished by the caterer to let him take his place."

"Well, don't waste any more time about it," said Leyland. "And you can tell her that I'm going to stay here for a while and have a smoke."

Dropping into a chair, he lighted a cigarette. An instant later a crushing blow descended on his head, and with a groan, he slumped from the chair on to the floor, where he lay with outstretched arms, breathing stertorously.

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